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This Invitation
Is
From John Wanamaker.

On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the Grand Depot well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful Picture Gallery, to which admittance is free.

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A SUMMER ROMANCE.

An idle boat, with idle oars, floating idly down with the current of a calm, smooth lake, on whose placid breast the moonlight played at will.

Such the picture, had one been a mere spectator of the mimic scene; but to the two actors, surroundings were lost sight of—they thought only of themselves.

Mocking the moon-rays, when they glanced upward, they could see on the bank above them the twinkling lights of the villa and hear the merry voices and gay laughter of the group from which they had escaped.

Arch smiles had passed between its members as they had seen Sydney Allison and Bayard Hunter stroll off arm in arm to where the little boat was moored.

The women had almost ceased to be jealous of Sydney, or to ask where lay her charm. When she exercised her fascination, men bowed before her—first from necessity, then from choice.

But, their victims were countless, she was twenty-three, and Sydney Allison still. However, this time she had encountered the little girl at Mrs. Graham's villa said a foeman worthy of her steel.

What she was among men, Bayard Hunter was among women. Therefore, seeing these two brought beneath the same roof, and thrown into daily intercourse, rumor was rife, and speculation awaited results with bated breath. Meantime, the little boat floated calmly on the quiet surface of the lake.

"Miss Allison!"

It was the first word either had spoken in full five minutes. She glanced up at the speaker. The white lace thrown carelessly upon her dark hair, out from which peered the beautiful, pale face, lent her some of the moon's mystic charm; but meeting the magnetic gaze of the dark, earnest eyes bent upon her, hers fell for an instant; then, as though ashamed of the momentary weakness, again shot a questioning look into Mr. Hunter's face.

"Miss Allison," he repeated, slowly, "did you know that we were in danger?"

"In danger?" Her cheek grew a shade paler. She glanced up at the blue vault where sailed so majestically the Goddess of Night—down into the dark depth of the waters, only to see Luna's brilliancy reflected there—around, about her. Not a leaf stirred.

"No," he said, in answer to her look, "not from any of these. The moon, the wind, the water, all are our friends to-night. We are in danger from each other."

Oh, how she prayed the moon might fail to make apparent the instant flushing of blood to her cheek! She felt it glow, like a warm, crimson rose, even while she raised her little head almost defiantly, as though to hurl a challenge at its audacity.

Men had made love to her in many forms, but always as suppliants. This man dared suppose her in equal danger with himself!

"You deal in enigmas, Mr. Hunter," she returned laughingly. "I am accustomed to plain speech."

"Rather say that plain speech is to you an unknown tongue, and that I am the first man who has dared to speak frankly. Would you have me more open still? You shall have your wish."

A week longer under the same roof with you, a week more of exposure to your maddening fascinations and my ship would go to wreck and ruin on the lake; unless—"he leaned nearer, his voice grew softer, more full of tender feeling, and his hand fell on hers very lightly, but with caressing grace, "unless, Sydney, you would let it float your pennon and guide it into the safe harbor of your love."

She had been wooed many times, in many climes, by many men, but naught had ever moved her as this wooing, on this moonlight night in June. Yet this man dared tell her that in another week this all might come to pass.

Others had sworn to go from her presence to put an end to existence she had rendered miserable; or had vowed that henceforth woman's smile would be gall and wormwood; or pleaded that she had shorn their manhood of its strength, and rendered their life a burden.

This one did none of these things. While his strength yet was his, he saw and met the danger.

"A week hence," she said to herself, bitterly, "and the flame might singe him. He does not say 'I love you!'"

"In time I might love you."

Was he then to win so easy a victory? Not so.

"Let us go home," she interrupted, with a little shiver. "It is growing chilly."

"Sydney, is this my answer?"

"Your answer?" with an assumption of surprise. "I was not aware of any question."

"You shall not even have this excuse. Will you be my wife?"

His voice was stern—stern to harshness—and his grasp tightened on her hand.

"You hurt me, Mr. Hunter," she complained, petulantly, making an effort to withdraw her fingers.

Instantly he released her. "I see that I have hurt you," he returned, courteously, and took up the idle oars. "Pardon me," he continued, "I will not do it ever again."

A few bold strokes, and the boat's keel grated on the shore. Ten minutes later, and the two appeared in their hostess' tastefully appointed saloon.

A group of men instantly gathered about Miss Allison. Never had her

laugh rung out more clearly, her gay sallies of wit and repartee been more sparkling; but ever from time to time, her eyes roved restlessly to the open window, where, on the parterre beyond, shown the red light from a man's cigar.

It was still there, still gleaming, when she had gone up to her room. She crossed to the window to pull down the shade, but stood a minute, fascinated, motionless.

"After to-night he will forget me," she murmured, sadly. "And I—I shall remember him forever!"

Then, as though a sudden truth had burst upon her, she drew down the shade—to throw herself, with quick, impetuous motion, prone upon the couch, and weep the first heart-tears she had ever shed.

"The drama has ended—Miss Allison has refused him!" This was the general verdict when, twenty-four hours later, Bayard Hunter bade his hostess adieu, and withdrew to town on plea of sudden business.

Of course the news reached Sydney's ear.

"I have not refused him," she said, aloud. "Not even that satisfaction is mine." It was to herself—"nor ever will be!" It was only the might have been.

He was not the man, she knew full well, to plunge desperately into flirtation, or associate his name at once with another woman's, or to retire later or rise earlier or in any way disturb the even tenor of his way. The difference between them was only this—his heart was healing, perhaps already healed, but he would bear its scar to the grave, hers was a festering sore, which hurt the more that she had let the physician who might work its cure, pass her by.

The summer waned to a close. Nature had lent autumn its wondrous paint-box and magic brush, and mountain and hillside were converted thereby into glorious beauty. Then came King Frost, first to lighten by his touch, then to kill, followed by winter's lagging footsteps, mercifully bearing the exquisite white shroud of snow to cover up all signs of devastation and decay.

The season in the gay world was at its height. Occasionally, murmurs among the debutantes for its honors arose at the fact that, though Miss Allison's fourth winter, her former success paled in its most effulgent light.

She and Bayard Hunter constantly met. She almost wished he might avoid her, but at the first chance encounter he had approached with outstretched hand.

"How charmingly you are looking, Miss Allison," he had said. And all in vain she had watched for a tremor in his tone, or a shadow of embarrassment in his manner.

"Only a week between him and shipwreck!" she thought bitterly. "Ah, he has sailed so far from the fatal rock, that doubtless he would now laugh at its supposed danger; and I—I was weak and vain enough to think he stood upon the precipice's brink!"

The new year had come, and one evening Sydney stood alone in her father's drawing-room, looking out at the fast gathering darkness, when through its somber shade she saw a figure pass and mount the steps.

"A visitor!" she uttered, wearily; then waited the inevitable announcement she knew must follow.

But spite of her every effort, she started when the servant throwing open the door, uttered Mr. Hunter's name. Oh, how glad she was that the rooms were not yet lighted as she went forward to receive him!

"May I welcome you in darkness?" she questioned.

"As you will," he answered. "I have but a few moments to stay. I am come to bid you good-bye and to ask you to wish me a bon voyage."

"Bon voyage! You are going abroad?"

"Yes; I sail on Saturday. I hesitated about calling, but my desire to see you led me to believe you would pardon my audacity in supposing my going a question of enough moment to make it worthy a special call."

"My friends are always welcome, Mr. Hunter. I did not suppose it necessary you should hear that repeated now."

"Nor is it. It was only morbid fancy on my part which induced me to question it. I shall come back, I trust with my mind clearer. At least I shall be some years older. When I return I presume I shall look for Miss Allison in vain, until I find her in some matron, equally charming. I cannot imagine her quite so staid and portly."

So he could speak thus lightly of her becoming the wife of another man? And he was going away; she might never again hear his voice nor see his face. It was too cruel!

He and fate were too strong for her. The tears gathered in the gray eyes but the darkness hid them.

He rattled on—she had no need to speak. Then he rose to go.

"Good-bye, Miss Allison!"—he took her hands in both his—"good-bye? God bless you!"

Was it her fancy that just at the last, his voice trembled?

He crossed the room; he had gained the door. Another instant, he would be gone—another instant, it might be too late.

"Bayard!" she said, softly. Two strides it seemed, brought him back to her.

"You called me? For what? To make my going harder?"

"Oh, is it hard? In mercy tell me, for my own heart is breaking!"

"Your heart breaking! Sydney, Sydney! what does this mean?"

But the sound of her sobs was his only answer.

"Child," he continued, "can it be that I have judged you wrongly? Look up, my darling! Is it your wish that I should stay?"

Then she found her voice.

"I thought you did not love me enough," she murmured. "But stay, and I will try to make you love me more; or, if you must go, take me with you."

June had given place to January, and warmth to cold, but where was coldness now was warmth, and the winter moon was happier than the early June crescent—for in Sydney Allison's heart was the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers, mingling with the words which stole softly into her ear while nestling in her lover's arm—the words, "My love—my wife."

THE WHITE HOUSE.

A MANSION THAT HAS QUITE A HISTORY.

The President's home at Washington, which is officially termed the Executive Mansion, commonly called the White House, has a history that runs back nearly ninety years.

Its corner stone was laid under the superintendence of Captain James Hoban, as architect, on the 13th of December, 1792. Captain Hoban was an Irish architect, direct from Dublin, via Charleston, who took the award of \$500 for the design. He is buried in the Catholic cemetery at Washington and his descendants are still living in that city. The British destroyed the building in 1814. It was afterwards rebuilt by Captain Hoban, and was first opened for the reception of visitors on January 1, 1819.

The portico, of four lofty columns on the north side, was added in 1829, during the administration of President Jackson. It is a lofty building, two stories in height, having a frontage of 170 feet and a depth of 80 feet. The vestibule within the front door is 50x40 feet in dimensions. The famous east room, which was finished only fifty years ago, is 80 feet long by 40 wide and 22 feet high. Eight large mirrors and three chandeliers of crystal and silver adorn it. The walls are covered with gray paper, and the trimming of the furniture is gray reps and maroon velvet. With the exception of our public halls, it is probably the largest room in the country, and for its size is certainly the handsomest. It is the Mecca of all lady visitors to the capital. The President's office, which is in the second story, is also the Cabinet room, and is not a very large apartment for the White House, although about thirty-five or forty feet in depth, by perhaps thirty feet wide, and with a high ceiling. A long table is in the middle of the floor, with leather-seated chairs around it; the two windows having long lambrquin curtains of a dark bluish gray color. A large map of the United States is on the wall. The carpet is of a red tint, with large figures. The general effect of the room as one enters is that of a library with out books. The White House is surrounded immediately by twenty acres of garden and park. The lawn is still a naked plain reaching on to the Potomac, like a desert coming to the palace stairs. Like Versailles in the time of Louis XIV., Washington is a government creation, and the White House is memorable only for the people who have lived in it. Every one of our Presidents, except Washington, has lived in this great house, and he had poked his horse's head into its portals to look at the workmen plastering on the scaffold. The original cost of the building in 1792 was about \$333,000, and the total cost of the structure to the present time, with refurnishing, etc., has been about \$1,750,000. The unwholesome character of Washington in general, and of the White House locality in particular, has been for years a subject of complaint.

MASONRY.

Thirty centuries since, King Solomon took two others like himself, distinguished for positive qualities and famous by their fellows, and by their help, organized a Working Brotherhood, entitled Freemasonry. This was long before Rome; long before Greece had made a name in history; long before Homer sang, or the Seven Wise Men flourished, or Alexander and Caesar flashed their swords over the earth.

The world, which was then young, has grown old. Nations have sprung into being, glittered in the meridian sky, and sunk into nothingness. Names, thought to be immortal, are forgotten. New arts, new languages, new religions occupy the thoughts and consciences of men. Everything is in the autumn leaf, serene, dying, and the world seems on the eve of a greater change.

But one thing is ever new, ever green, immortal. One institution of men has known no change. As much as the genius of history has dropped and abandoned in her progress, the legends of Freemasonry remain to us un-forgotten and of primitive import. Freemasonry—the Masonry of Solomon and the two Hiram has suffered nothing from mutation. It can suffer nothing so long as sorrow and distress remain upon earth—so long as the soul sighs for a happier sphere—so long as human hearts are contrite for sin, the institution will be sought after, as the eye seeks light and the ear music.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

20,000,000 pounds of cheese were sent abroad from this country last month.

A CAT STORY.

This is the season of the year when, go where you will outside of the dirty city, and you will see the woman with a tin pan and an old butcher knife in her hand, and a shawl over her head, down on her knees in the fence corners, gathering various weeds that are not worth a continental at any other season, for "greens." It is possible we may be a week too early in this article, but it is a habit of ours to write an article on greens every spring, and if the spring is late it is no fault of ours.

If the woman is not out with the tin pan and butcher knife to-day, she will be next Saturday, anyway. What Macaroni is to the Italian, frogs to the Frenchman, roast beef to the Englishman, sauer kraut to the German, rice to the Chinaman, oat meal to Scotchmen and potatoes to the Irishman, greens are to the American.

"Greens" may be called our national beverage.

Rich and poor alike come to their greens. We presume, Vanderbilt, after living on the fat of the land for a year, would enjoy going to a farm house at his old home, and sitting down to a "boiled dinner" of greens. If he would not, and enjoy them, as he thought of old times, and of the friends of his childhood, then he is no friend of ours, and we wouldn't trust him for pew rent. Greens are made of everything that grows wild except burdock and mullein leaves, and we have heard of those vegetables being used, though not successfully. Speaking of greens reminds us of an incident. Many, many years ago, before the gray hairs had become so numerous on our mother's head, and before our father's back ached so cruelly from the rheumatic pains, our family moved from Cold Spring to White Water, five miles, and after the house was settled, we were sent back to the old home after a pillow case. We were to bring her in a pillow case. We found the cat wandering around, and she seemed offended at being left in the general break-up.

It was a long time before she would converse with us at all. She seemed to feel that she had been deserted and left to the cold charities of the world, and her temper never was any of the best, anyway, but she finally compromised, and by a good deal of diplomacy, we got her by easy stages into the pillow case, and gently throwing it on our back we started for home. It is no pleasant excursion or picnic for a twelve-year-old boy to carry a full grown cat in a bag, and we should not choose that method of enjoyment if we had it to do over again, but a boy will do many things to keep out of school. He will be willing to do anything but have the mumps. Well, everything passed comparatively pleasant until half the distance was passed.

The dear old cat seemed to have gone asleep in the small of our back.

We were trudging merrily along, occasionally stubbing a bare toe nail on a root, and easing up a stone bruise on one heel by walking on the toes, when the church spire of White Water appeared in sight. O, if we only had a picture of ourself about six minutes later. In the midst of this quietness a dog belonging to a farmer came out and began to bark. We could feel the cat begin to get anxious. The cat, we may remark, was not more anxious than we were. The dog came nearer and snarled, and we could feel the cat raise its feet in the pillow case and get its back up. The way we knew the cat raised to its feet was the fact that every toe nail the cat possessed was firmly imbedded in our back.

The pillow case seemed full of cats!

We never had an idea that a cat had as many toes. The dog barked and the cat "paw-mowed," and walked up and down us. It was a trying moment. It was a question how far the dog would follow, and how long we could stand the ceaseless tread of the cat. We have been in battle and heard the bullets whistle, and listened to the groans of the dying, when we expected every next bullet would go into our manly frame and start a lead mine, but we never experienced as much agony, fear and sorrow as we did when that cat was using our back for a fence to get its back up at a dog. Then we began to reflect that a cat was nothing for a boy to die for. There were plenty of cats to be got in White Water, and what was the use of lugging a cat so far. Then we dropped the pillow case, and the dog saw that there was something alive in it, and he chewed the cat, and then the cat got out of the bag and chased the dog through the marsh, and we do not know but they are running yet, though if she ever catches him it is going to be real warm around where his tail was when we saw him last, twenty-five years ago this spring. Then we went out on the marsh and picked the pillow case full of cow-slips for greens, as a sort of peace offering at home, and marched on. Our mother was sorry that the cat had not arrived, but proceeded to "pick over" the cow-slips. For an hour the work went on, until there seemed, down at the bottom of the pillow case, to be evidences that a cat had been there. There were a few hairs, at first, but we denied that we had ever seen the cat, and offered to bring witnesses that we could not find her at the old home. That story was reached, and there was evidence enough to fill a mattress, evidence so plain that a cat had reposed therein that the mother looked up, pained, indignant, sick, disgusted and a little offended, and throwing the cow-slips out, she bawled out with a good deal of meaning. "Why in the world didn't

you turn that pillow case tother side out after the cat got away, before you picked the cow-slips?" We have told several untruths since, in a business way, but none have ever hurt us as did that one about the cat. But we learned one thing, thoroughly, and that was never to carry a cat on our back again in a pillow case, and we would impress upon the youth of the land the solemn fact that it is mighty unpleasant. Get a new cat first.—Puck's Sun.

NEW MEXICO.

A LAND THAT AROUND WITH CURIOUS RELICS.

A writer says: In New Mexico are to be found the ruins of cities, of cathedrals and palaces, that speak in unmistakable language of a people that lived and flourished so long ago that no history or legend tells who they were, whence they came, or whether they went. No one can tell their name. It is conjectured by some antiquarians, says a Santo Fe correspondent, that, even before ancient Thebes existed, there dwelt upon the plains of New Mexico a people whose power and splendor were unrivaled among the nations of the earth. That there were cities here, and large ones, too, is a well-settled fact; but it will only be when the earth gives up the dead that their history will be revealed. About one hundred miles southeast of Albuquerque is Gran Quivira, one of these interesting relics of the past. It is in the midst of a country as barren as the desert. No streams of water flow near it, and the whole region is deserted, while in the midst of it stand the ruins of an ancient and large city. For centuries the winds have brought showers of sand until the walls are covered, so that nothing can be seen but the tops of the highest walls. The streets are filled up with debris and sand until they are level up with the roofs of the houses. There is one building that towers above the rest, and that can be seen for fifty miles in approaching the city. Its walls are four feet thick and eighty feet high. The building was 100 feet long, and from eighty to 100 feet wide, and had a basement the entire length of the structure. The first floor was evidently a council-chamber, where sat the Solons of the long ago. This floor was supported by very large timbers, that still stretch across from wall to wall, and are well preserved. The ceiling is not less than fifty feet high, and the timbers that support it still remain, with bracket-supporters extending out from the sides of the walls. The carving and moldings on these old brackets speak of the workmanship of the people, and show that they were skilled in art and in architecture. The art displayed exhibits taste, culture, and the skillful use of tools, and demonstrates that they had tools of good quality, if not machinery.

Not far from this wonderful site are the ruins of an aqueduct that extends from the city to the mountain. In durability it surpasses our best masonry, and in workmanship is not inferior to much that is called the best.

The people who built these walls lived here, and have departed, leaving nothing but the workmanship of their hands behind them—have left neither legend nor tradition to tell who they were. The inhabitants of the country are as ignorant of them as the traveler who, for the first time, looks upon these wonderful ruins.

It is evident from these old cities and towns that New Mexico had a population in the ages of the past far in excess of the present population. These ruins are not in localities, but all over New Mexico. In the mountains are found mining shafts, ruins of rude smelters with large piles of slag, and other indications that show they were acquainted with the precious metals, and were generally an active and industrious people. When the Spaniards first came to this country (300 years ago), that the Pueblos were older than seven generations is stated by the Spanish historians, who preserved the record of the dying, when we expected every next bullet would go into our manly frame and start a lead mine, but we never experienced as much agony, fear and sorrow as we did when that cat was using our back for

